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The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Bambalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur. Farn. Rhet.

From *Thurſday March* 30. to *Saturday April* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the Age in which it was drawn are repreſented ſitting together in a Circle, and joining in a Conſort of Muſick. Each of them plays upon ſuch a particular Inſtrument as is the moſt ſuitable to his Character; and expreſſes that Style and Manner of Painting which is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola Painter of thoſe Times, to ſhow the Grandeur and Boldneſs of his Figures, hath a Horn in his Mouth, which he ſeems to wind with great Strength and Force. On the contrary, an eminent Artiſt, who wrought up his Pictures with the greateſt Accuracy, and gave them all thoſe delicate Touches which are apt to pleaſe the niceſt Eye, is repreſented as tuning a Theorbo. The ſame kind of Humour runs through the whole Piece.

I have often from this Hint imagined to my ſelf, that different Talents in Diſcourſe might be ſhadowed out after the ſame Manner by different Kinds of Muſick; and that the ſeveral converſable Parts of Mankind in this great City might be caſt into proper Characters and Diviſions, as they reſemble ſeveral Inſtruments that are in Uſe among the Maſters of Harmony. Of theſe therefore in their Order, and firſt of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Bluſterers in Converſation, that with a loud Laugh, unnatural Mirth, and a Torrent of Noiſe, domineer in publick Aſſemblies, over-bear Men of Senſe, ſtun their Companions, and fill the Place they are in with a Ratling Sound, that hath ſeldom any Wit, Humour, or good Breeding, in it. The Drum notwithſtanding, by this boiſterous Vivacity, is very proper to impoſe upon the Ignorant; and in Converſation with Ladies who are not of the fineſt Taſt, often paſſes for a Man of Mirth and Wit, and for wonderful pleaſant Company. I need not obſerve, that the Emptineſs of the Drum very much contributes to its Noiſe.

The Lute is a Character directly oppoſite to the Drum, that ſounds very finely by it ſelf, or in a very ſmall Conſort. Its Notes are exquiſitely ſweet, and very low, eaſily drowned in a multitude of Inſtruments, and even loſt among a few, unleſs you give a particular Attention to it. A Lute is ſeldom heard in a Company of more than Five, whereas a Drum will ſhow it ſelf to Advantage even in an Aſſembly of Five Hundred. The Lutaniſts therefore are Men of a fine Genius, uncommon Reflection, great Affability, and eſteem'd chiefly by Perſons of a good Taſt, who are the only proper Judges of ſo delightful and ſoft a Melody.

The Trumpet is an Inſtrument that has in it no Compaſs of Muſick, or Variety of Sound, but is notwithſtanding very agreeable, ſo long as it keeps within its Pitch. It has not above Four or Five Notes, which are however very pleaſing, and capable of exquiſite Turns and Modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this Denomination, are your Men of the moſt faſhionable Education and refin'd Breeding, who have learned a certain Smoothneſs of Diſcourſe, and Spritelineſs of Air, from the polite Company they have kept; but at the ſame Time have ſhallow Parts, weak Judgments, and a ſhort Reach of Underſtanding. A Play-Houſe, a Drawing-Room, a Ball, a Viſiting-Day, or a Ring at *Hide-Park*, are the few Notes they are Maſters of, which they touch upon in all Converſations. The Trumpet however is a neceſſary Inſtrument about a Court, and a proper Enlivener of a Conſort, tho' of no great Harmony by it ſelf.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Flouriſhes of Imagination, Sharpneſs of Repartee, Glances of Satyr, and bear away the upper Part in every Conſort. I can't however but obſerve, that when a Man is not diſpoſed to hear Muſick, there is not a more diſagreeable Sound in Harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another Muſical Inſtrument which is more frequent in this Nation than any other; I mean, your Baſs-Viol, which grumbles in the Bottom of the Conſort, and with a ſurly Maſculine Sound ſtrengthens the Harmony, and tempers the Sweetneſs of the ſeveral Inſtruments that play along with it. The Baſs-Viol is an Inſtrument of a quite different Nature to the Trumpet, and may ſignify Men of rough Senſe, and unpoliſh'd Parts, who don't love to hear themſelves talk, but ſometimes break out with an agreeable Bluntneſs, unexpected Wit, and ſurly Pleaſantries, to the no ſmall Diverſion of their Friends and Companions. In ſhort, I look upon every ſenſible true-born *Britain* to be naturally a Baſs-Viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great Eloquence and Alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horſes, Quickſet-Hedges, and Six-Bar-Gates, double Ditches and broken Necks, I am in Doubt, whether I ſhould give them a Place in the converſable World. However, if they will content themſelves with being raiſed to the Dignity of Hunting-Horns, I ſhall deſire for the future that they may be known by that Name.

I muſt not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from Morning to Night with the Repetition of a few Notes, which are play'd over and over, with a perpetual Humming of a Drone running underneath them. Theſe are your dull, heavy, tedious Story-tellers, the Load and Burden of Converſations, that ſet up for Men of Importance, by knowing ſecret Hiſtory, and giving an Account of Tranſactions, that whether they ever paſſed in the World or not, doth not ſignify an Halfpenny to its Inſtruction or its Welfare. Some have obſerved, That the Northern Parts of this Iſland is more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are ſo very few Perſons who are Maſters in every Kind of Converſation, and can talk on all Subjects, that I don't know whether we ſhould make a diſtinct Species of them: Nevertheleſs, that my Scheme may not be defective, for the Sake of thoſe few who are endowed with ſuch extraordinary Talents, I ſhall allow them to be Harpſicords, a

Kind

Kind of Muſick which every one knows is a Conſort by it ſelf.

As for your Paſſing-Bells, who look upon Mirth as Criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in it ſelf, and mortifying to Human Nature, I ſhall not mention them.

I ſhall likewiſe paſs over in Silence all the Rabble of Mankind that crowd our Streets, Coffee-houſes, Feaſts, and publick Tables. I cannot call their Diſcourſe Converſation, but rather ſomething that is practiſed in Imitation of it: For which Reaſon, if I would deſcribe them by any Muſical Inſtrument, it ſhould be by thoſe modern Inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-bone and Clever.

My Reader will doubtleſs obſerve, that I have only touched here upon Male Inſtruments, having reſerved my Female Conſort to another Occaſion. If he has a Mind to know where theſe ſeveral Characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole Club of Drums, not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given ſome Account of, in my Deſcription of our Nightly Meetings in *Sheer-Lane*. The Lutes may often be met with in Couples upon the Banks of a Chryſtal Stream, or in the Retreats of ſhady Woods and flowry Meadows, which, for different Reaſons, are likewiſe the great Reſort of your Hunting-Horns. Baſs-Viols are frequently to be found over a Glaſs of Stale-Beer and a Pipe of Tobacco; whereas thoſe who ſet up for Violins, ſeldom fail to make their Appearance at *Will*'s once every Evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other Side of *Charing-Croſs*.

That we may draw ſomething for our Advantage in Life out of the foregoing Diſcourſe, I muſt intreat my Reader to make a narrow Search into his Life and Converſation; and upon his leaving any Company, to examine himſelf ſeriouſly, whether he has behav'd himſelf in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Baſs-Viol, and accordingly endeavour to mend his Muſick for the future. For my own Part, I muſt confeſs, I was a Drum for many Years; nay, and a very noiſy one, till having poliſhed my ſelf a little in good Company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my Converſation as was poſſible for a Man of an impetuous Temper; by which Mixture of different Muſicks, I look upon my ſelf during the Courſe of many Years to have reſembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have ſince very much endeavoured at the Sweetneſs of the Lute; but in ſpight of all my Reſolutions, I muſt confeſs with great Confuſion, that I find my ſelf daily degenerating into a Bagpipe. Whether it be the Effect of my old Age, or of the Company I keep, I know not. All that I can do is, to keep a Watch over my Converſation, and to ſilence the Drone as ſoon as I find it begin to humm in my Diſcourſe, being determined rather to hear the Notes of others, than to play out of Time, and incroach upon their Parts in the Conſort by the Noiſe of ſo tireſome an Inſtrument.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Letter which I received laſt Night from a Friend of mine, who knows very well my Notions upon this Subject, and invites me to paſs the Evening at his Houſe, with a ſelect Company of Friends, in the following Words.

Dear Iſaac,

'I Intend to have a Conſort at my Houſe this 'Evening, having by great Chance got a Harpſi-'cord, which I am ſure will entertain you very 'agreeably. There will be likewiſe Two Lutes 'and a Trumpet. Let me beg you to put your 'ſelf in Tune, and believe me

Your very faithful Servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.

Errata *in our laſt:* Col. 1. Line 54. *for* begs that, *read*, begs *Ulyſſes* that. Col. 2. L. 52. *for Ulyſſes* the Shades, *read*, *Ulyſſes* to have been the Shades.

*** PROPOSALS for Printing the LUCUBRATIONS of Iſaac Bickerſtaff Eſqr by Subſcription, in Two Volumes in Octavo, on a Large Character, and Fine Royal Paper, are to be ſeen, and Subſcriptions taken, at Charles Lillie's, a Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand, and John Morphew's near Stationers-Hall. All Perſons that deſign to ſubſcribe to this Work, are deſired to ſend their Subſcriptions with all Expedition, the Book being put to Preſs, in order to have it publiſh'd before Eaſter.

To ſatisfy Gentlemen and Ladies who it is that would impoſe, in Relation to thoſe Men and Women's Gowns to be ſold at the Olive-Tree and Still at Charing-Croſs, adverti's'd againſt in the Poſt-Man, with Invitation to Ludgate-Hill. If they pleaſe to enquire at any Shop on the ſaid Hill, they may be ſatisfy'd that there is not a Quarter of the Choice, as there is in the Rooms at Charing-Croſs; nor can they afford ſo good Pennyworths, becauſe upon Examination, theſe will be truly found to be the Goods of Perſons that failed.

THeſe are to acquaint the Lovers of Art, That the Hon. Baron Schütz, late Envoy of Hanover, his Collection of Pictures, being of the moſt celebrated Maſters, will be ſold by Auction on Thurſday the 6th of this Inſtant April, at Ten in the Forenoon, at his late Dwelling-Houſe on the Eaſt Side of St. James's Square, (an Hatchment being over the Door) where the Pictures may be ſeen from Monday the 3d Inſtant to the Time of Sale, and Catalogues to be had gratis.

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** This Day, in Dunton's Oracle, is publiſh'd, The Coffee-houſe-Poſt, or the Fable of the Trumpeter. This Weekly Paper will be continued to 3000 diſtinct Poſts, of which Eight are already publiſh'd. The Love-Poſt, or News for the Ladies, will be publiſh'd next Tueſday: And next Saturday will be publiſh'd, The Sybil-Poſt, or Ideal Kingdom; being a new and myſterious Diſcovery made for the Uſe of the Ladies. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

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